system of neurones arranged in such fashion that they bring about some complex co-ordinated serviceable combination of bodily movements in response to some particular complex of sense-impressions, movements peculiar and distinctive to all the millions of members of the species that have existed and died in unbroken continuity throughout millions of years.

*The Devout Mechanist's Eye of Faith*

' Protoplasm is not chemically a single homogeneous substance. It is a mixture of many substances in high degree complex and the seat of varied and incessant chemical transformations, yet one which somehow holds fast for countless generations to its own specific type.' These are the words of Prof. E. B. Wilson. His views are of particular interest, not only because his book *The Cell* has long been acknowledged to give him a position of high authority, but also because he combines a stoutly mechanistic faith with great candour in respect to the difficulties in the way of its justification by works. This chapter may well conclude with extracts from one of his later books illustrating this combination.

* The cytologist is first of all struck by the extraordinary pains that Nature seems to take to ensure the perpetuation and accurate distribution of the components of the system in cell-division, and hence in heredity. Nothing is more impressive than the demonstration of this offered by the nucleus of the cell; but its obvious meaning is often disregarded or treated with a bland scepticism which pretends that no meaning exists. To our

limited intelligence, it would seem a simple task to divide a nucleus into equal parts. The cell, manifestly, entertains a very different opinion. Nothing could be more unlike out